The Pagan Library

The Shaman's Call

Shadow Hawk

The Night Bird's call draws evening near,
Stars and planets in the Darkening Sky appear,
People of the day to their beds retire,
Except for some Old Souls about a fire.

Sounds begin to rule the night,
As the Sun's bright rays fade from sight.
Evening noises begin to grow,
Cricket, Owl, and Wolf's lone howl.

Deeper into the Night we go,
The landscape lit by the fire's glow,
One old man begins to sway,
And one lone drum begins to play.

Boom goes the drumbeat soft and slow,
Tapping out the Heartbeat of the World Below,
Boom echoes the drumbeat's call to go,
To begin the ride to the World Below.
The flames leap high into the night,
And the World around us takes to flight,
Senses shift in the darkening light,
And the Darkest Cave draws our sight.
Enter the Cavern, down we speed,
Into the Underworld the Drumbeat leads.
Faster than Dragon, than Hawk, than Snake,
Down the path the Shaman's feet race.
Deeper and deeper into the Womb of the Night,
Till up ahead appears the Light.
Boom thunders the drum, and the walls seem to shake,
And out of the Cavern I stop by a lake.
I look around and I see Land so bright,
That I know mortal eyes have never beheld this sight.
In the Sky wheels Gods and Dragons in Flight,
While bathing in the Lake is the Goddess of the Night.
Her eyes see me clearly and I'm pierced by their Sight,
There is no hiding in the Night of Her Light.
The Animals come to Her call as she sings,
And drumbeat from above gives me wings.
Into the Sky my form changes still,
On Hawk wings I ascend from the hill.
Higher and higher into the Magical Sky,
I soar on Wings lit in Magical Fire.
This Bond, this chain, this freedom sublime,
The Shaman's gift, boon, bane, the Drumbeat Divine.
The Dream that brings Visions into the Night,
The Night that is brighter than any Daylight.
The sight of a Tree draws me near,
The Great World Tree has brought me here.
The Tree of All Knowledge grows out of sight,
Even Hawk eyes are dimmed by it's light.
Form changes swiftly, Snake am I now,
Across the World Tree I wander uncowed.

The Tree of Life, of Knowledge, of Power and Death,
The Tree that for Shaman will give Shaman Breath.
The Drum fills my body,
My brain is on fire,
Visions of Forces dance in the Light,
And the drumbeat caresses me, somewhere in the Night.
The Tree fades from view,
My Soul takes to flight,
And into the World, Dragon Stalks the Night.
Back to the Cavern the worm passes nigh.
Drumbeat calls, caresses, commands,
Back to the Waking World the drumbeat demands.
Up through the cave I ascend in the Night,
Form shifts so slightly in my bemused sight.
Dragon claws to Human feet,
And to the fire where the Shaman meet.
Around the fire slowly the Drummer keeps beat,
Drawing home the Voyagers to the fire's night heat.
Glazed expressions look into the night,
But in Shaman's eye is still the Light.
Slack faced expressions for others to see,
But in Shaman's eye, is the Fire that Frees.
Shaman stares into the fire,
Then quietly into the night he retires.
Off to his rest he fades from sight,
Until the Drum calls once more to Night's Light.

Shadow Hawk
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